

## THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Tuesday, January 4, 1916.

## Rock Island—From River to River.

And the Davenport Mahogany quartet sang "For Tonight Is the End of the World."

Chicago has also produced the meanest robber. Yesterday he stole \$3,500 from a hospital.

Winston Churchill of Great Britain doubtless has observed that his battleships got as near Constantinople as did the army.

A man can even consume too much religion. At Syracuse, N. Y., a prominent citizen, while overburdened, killed his mother.

Persia and Abyssinia are thinking of fighting a bit, but as yet Greenland and the Gobi desert are betraying no impatience over their prolonged peace.

There are 200,000 cases of grippe in the cities of Cleveland and Detroit alone. So, you see, if you have had a touch, you have had considerable company.

With a steamer named Persia, a consul to Arabia, an Austrian U-boat and an American citizen involved, the latest tragedy assumes much of the character of an international episode.

A snowfall of between 50 and 60 inches in Arizona seems to contradict the notion that the great precipitation of last summer was to be followed by a dry winter. At many other points there have been heavy falls, indicating that the reserve of moisture to heavily drawn upon is not yet exhausted. But a turn must come some time and it is reasonable to expect and to prepare correspondingly for a drouth later in the year.

Congressman Buchanan wants impeachment proceedings brought against the federal attorney in New York who was instrumental in having him indicted for violation of the law. That is one way of defending a case, but it will hardly prove effective in this instance. Either Mr. Buchanan is guilty as charged of promoting munition strikes in the interest of a foreign government or he is innocent and the matter will have to be determined by the proper court.

"Colonel Theodore Roosevelt either will be the nominee of the republican party for president or the progressives again will nominate him as standard bearer." This is the statement of Judge Albert D. Norton, leader of the Missouri bull moosers, and who keeps in close touch with the political pulse of the nation. "We do not care how many political parties nominate Colonel Roosevelt," said Judge Norton. "If the republicans nominate him at Chicago we will be glad to cooperate with them. Should they fail to recognize our leader, it will simply be up to the progressives to repeat what was done in 1912."

## DRAGGING IN THE TARIFF.

There is something in Washington called the "Republican Publicity Association," which seems to be devoting itself to an effort to drag in the protective tariff question on all occasions as something that may serve a party purpose in these trying times. We learn from The New York Journal, that this association has just put out a statement contradicting one made months ago by Secretary Redfield in which he denied that "our foreign trade lies chiefly in what we may call, for lack of a better name, 'war orders.'" The Journal of Commerce says:

"The contradiction takes the form of a comparison of a list of exports for the 'normal period under republican tariff law' from September, 1912, to August, 1913, inclusive, the following 12 months under the 'democratic tariff law,' and the next period of the same length, 'under the stimulus of war orders.'" The Journal of Commerce says:

"Foreign trade is assumed to consist of exports only, and the list contains only what are assumed to be made up chiefly of 'war orders,' or at least to include such. As these contain not only everything in the way of arms, munitions and explosives and the materials for these and horses, mules, autos and various other means of transportation and military equipment and supplies, but the total of leather and woolen manufacturers, cutlery and machine tools, and breadstuffs, meat products and refined sugar, they can hardly be rated entirely as 'war orders.'" With this list footed up, it shows an aggregate of over \$500,000,000 in the republican tariff year, and over \$1,500,000,000 in the war orders' year. This is supposed to

prove that the falling off in foreign trade in the 1913-14 period was due to the democratic tariff law and that the vast increase in the next year was caused only by 'war orders.' In point of fact it proves much as to the effect of the war after it came, and nothing at all as to the effect of changes in the tariff.

"Having in this way presented figures in place of argument, the statement resorts to probabilities, and says that 'there is a probability' that if there had been no war 'our export trade for the 1914-15 period would not have exceeded that of the 1913-14 period,' and that 'in all likelihood under the depressing effect of democratic free trade it would have been still less.' That is something which nobody can tell and anybody can guess at or assume, and it is a pretty lame effort at mixing up the tariff question with more important issues at this time in the hope of political effect in an approaching campaign. Such methods are cheap and easy, but we cannot believe they will have the intended effect. Certainly not, if the American people have the sense usually credited to them."

## MAKING KICKER A BOOSTER

Ten years spent in directing successfully the advertising and selling policy of one of the greatest department stores in the world ought to give one an unusual insight into human nature. That such experience does reveal the ways of men—and women—is demonstrated by W. R. Hotchkiss, for 10 years advertising and sales manager for John Wanamaker.

In his new book, "The Manual of Successful Storekeeping," published for the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World by Doubleday, Page & Co., Mr. Hotchkiss devotes an interesting chapter to a discussion of making boosters out of kickers.

"We all know," says Mr. Hotchkiss, "that the person who makes a particularly ugly complaint is usually a great gossip. The world is full of this kind of people, and although we may not like them, we can't kill them, and also we can't make them quit talking. But we can direct the sort of talking they are going to do."

Quoting a great merchant prince who declared that "the customer is always right," Mr. Hotchkiss makes the point that if scant courtesy is given the complaint of the customer the store will get the worst of it for months to come. The woman who gets the best of a store is always the sort of a woman who will brag about it, says Mr. Hotchkiss. And the more she brags about it, the more good she is doing the store.

The author relates how he intercepted a woman who was leaving the Wanamaker store one day with the declaration that she was never coming into that store again. It developed that she had attempted to return and get credit for a wash suit she had bought for her boy two months before. Immediately after buying the suit she left for a summer resort, where she found the suit to be too small. She said she thought she could exchange the suit at any time.

The head of the department had informed her that the season for wash suits was over and that he could allow her only \$1, as the price had been reduced. She had paid \$3.50 for the suit. Mr. Hotchkiss explained that a blunder had been made by somebody ignorant of the store's policy. He took her to the proper department, got her credit for the suit and immediately she bought a \$7 suit for her boy. Then she made other purchases for herself and sister, amounting to approximately \$250.

"There was a woman mad enough to do a lot of back talking about Wanamaker's," says Mr. Hotchkiss. "Instead, I'll warrant she is still talking now and then about that manager at Wanamaker's who settled that man who wouldn't credit the suit. And thereby scores of her friends are being continuously made to know that John Wanamaker never permits his customers to be dissatisfied if he or any of his managers hears the complaint."

Of particular value to the merchant and those engaged in selling merchandise, Mr. Hotchkiss's book contains much of interest to those for whom modern business holds charm.

## HOTELS ARE WARNED.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat sounds a warning to the hotel proprietors in that city in reference to the democratic national convention to be held there next June. Already charges that the hotel men are making extortionate rates have been made and the Globe-Democrat intimates that if these charges are justified it would have been far better if St. Louis had never entered the field for the convention. The Globe-Democrat says:

"The name of St. Louis will be on every tongue during the campaign of 1916, and it rests largely with the hotel managers to make it a name of praise or one of obprobrium. For there is nothing that so strongly and directly influences the feelings of a visitor as the nature of his hotel accommodations and the price he is compelled to pay for them. At a great convention he expects to put up with some crowding, and, if he is at all reasonable, does not object to a slight increase of the normal rates. But if prices are raised to a point that he considers extortionate, or if onerous conditions are attached to them, nothing that the city can do in the way of public hospitality or entertainment will remove the bad impression that the hotel makes."

## Spanish Generosity.

A Spanish adventurer, returned from highly lucrative wanderings in the early day Americas, is said to have given away \$600,000 in alms on the occasion of his marriage at Barcelona. Another stood in a Madrid window and threw handfuls of silver coin into the crowd until he had emptied two barrels.

## Selected by Tavenner



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

To the Readers of The Argus:

The Argus has generously agreed to permit me to make a regular contribution under this head, to use the space as if it were my own. I am left free to make my selection from where I will, whether it is timely or untimely; to search the highways and the byways for what may impress me as of interest and value to the people.

I assure my readers I shall try to make the most of the opportunity. To do so I must forget that party lines exist, and I will, just as I wish it might be practical for them not to exist, and that the principal issue on election day might be, not whether a candidate belongs to this or that political party, but whether he is willing to serve the masses of the people or the few who exploit them.

In other words, my idea is to submit information or a thought that I would give to the world if I myself edited a newspaper, the only mission of which was to serve mankind; to do this and nothing more.

When I personally write the contribution, I will sign it, and when I present the thought and work of others I will so indicate.

CLYDE H. TAVENNER.

## PRESS COMMENT ON TAVENNER

## THE SKELETON EXPOSED.

(Sturgis S. D. Call.)

Clyde H. Tavenner, a democratic congressman from Illinois, made

statements to the effect that the Navy

league, which is making such a ter-

rific fight for preparedness, is man-

aged and has backers who are not en-

tirely free from the atmosphere of

war trafficking influence; whereupon

Robert M. Thompson of Washington,

D. C., president of the Navy league,

wrote Congressman Tavenner on Nov.

21 threatening a suit. This elicited a

reply from the congressman in which

he stated that Elbert H. Gary, chair-

man of the board of directors and

chairman of the finance committee of

the U. S. Steel Corporation, contrib-

uted \$1,000, and that the J. P. Morgan

estate subscribed \$2,000 to the Navy

league and he is now a director of

and contributor to the Navy league;

that J. P. Morgan's brother-in-law,

Herbert L. Satterlee, was one of the

incorporators, and at the present time

is general counsel for the league; that

Edward T. Stottsbury, a member of

the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and

the director of the Baldwin Locomo-

tive Works, Cambria Steel company,

Phoenix Iron company, Riverside Met-

al company, Temple Iron company,

William Cramp & Sons, Ship and En-

gine company and 54 other corpora-

tions, banks and trust companies, is

one of the honorary vice presidents of

the Navy league; that George F. Bak-

er of Wall street, New York, son of a

director of the U. S. Steel Corpora-

tion, contributed \$1,000 to the Navy

league; that Robert Bacon, formerly

a member of the firm of J. P. Mor-

gan & Co., and now first director of

the U. S. Steel Corporation, is a di-

rector of the Navy league; that Henry

C. Frick, a director of the U. S. Steel

Corporation, and ten other corpora-

tions, is one of the vice-presidents of

the Navy league; that Allen A. Ryan,

a director of the Bethlehem Steel Cor-

poration, contributed \$100 to the Navy

league; that George R. Sheldon, a di-

rector of the Bethlehem Corporation

and the American Locomotive com-

pany, both of which concerns have

profited hugely from European war

orders, is one of the vice presidents

of the Navy league; that the Beth-

lehem Steel Corporation has obtained

from the navy department contracts

amounting to \$42,321,237; that the U.

S. Steel Corporation controls the Car-

negie Steel company, which has drawn

down from the navy contracts aggreg-

ating \$32,965,377 for armor plate

alone; that the government has pur-

chased from these two corporations,

Lightning Conductors.

Experiments have shown that the

best conductors of lightning, placed in

the order of conductivity, are—metals,

gas coke, graphite, solutions of salts,

acids and water. The best nonconduc-

tors, ending with the most perfect

insulation, are india rubber, gutta

percha, dry air and gases, wood, ebon-

ite, silk, glass, wax, sulphur, resins

and paraffin.

## HEALTH TALKS

William Brady, M.D.

## Worry and the Cold Boggy.

Mrs. Blank stopped for a brief chat on her way home the other day. She had a bundle, and from the end of the bundle protruded a small whip. We wondered what that whip was for. Well, Mr. Blank had asked her to get one. It seemed that little Dorothy Blank was becoming incorrigible. Why, the little vixen ran away down the street to meet him yesterday, and she didn't have a thing on her head? So Mr. Blank felt that stern duty compelled him to arm himself in defense of the health of the household.

Now, if one of our little girls should do a thing like that we wouldn't consider it criminal. We assume that our youngsters are not morons, and that any child of normal mentality is quite capable of coming in out of the cold if the cold is uncomfortable. And of course if the cold isn't uncomfortable it can't possibly do any harm. Why, it may even do good!

Think of the tremendous amount of needless, silly worrying people do about "exposure."

We dare say no competent critic will produce any scientific evidence to disprove the statement that "colds" are just as contagious as diphtheria or tuberculosis. And we venture the opinion that no evidence will be forthcoming to prove that "exposure," without contagion, can ever cause any kind of acute respiratory disease, be it "grippe," coryza, bronchitis, pneumonia or just a general and ill-defined "cold." To be sure, the casual observer will cite all sorts of instances of real or fancied "exposure" followed in due course of illness. Well, before the

## CHORDS AND DISCORDS

VILLA is reported to be seeking asylum in the United States. Well, there is Watertown. Doc Campbell might extend him an invitation.

CHICAGO has a hotel bellhop who is reputed to be worth a million dollars. He is known as "Candy." Here is a chap that appears to have accumulated his pile simply by being sweet to people.

THE men's summer sporting shirt has disappeared, but you'll observe some of the girls are still going about with their throats bared. Proving that the female Adam's apple can withstand more frost than the male a. a.

## Carrying Mail Among Yaller Legs.

As Christmas is a thing of the past of 1915 and 1916 will soon be here and as carrier on route No. 3, I wish to thank the patrons on the route for their kindly manner and their kindness shown to me as we came in contact daily, and I wish to kindly thank them for their many gifts at Xmas time, which were 7 fine beef roasts, a large piece of pork, five chickens, three ducks, two sacks of oats, handkerchiefs, apples, cigars, celery and cards of greetings, and I take it for granted that their good will goes with them, which is valued more than anything else. Hoping to render a service that will be appreciated in the future, I wish them all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.—Sumner (Iowa) Gazette.

BURLINGTON, Iowa, has dispensed with its police department. "And he was the best fellow," says Ignatz. "I hate awfully to see him lose out."

## New Staff.

Barber—"How'll you have your hair combed—Rock Island or Davenport style?"

Customer—"What do you mean?"

Barber—"Wet or dry?" C. E.

IF you have a real kick coming, you are advised to visit Peoria the 10th of this month. On that date the state convention of Illinois retail shoe dealers opens in that city.

THIS is the week of prayer. Have you tried getting down on your knees lately, brother?

SOME war reminds us that the Liberty Bell, on its trip across the continent, proved to those who got a look at it that it was all it had been cracked up to be.

WILLIAM Waldorf Astor has been made an English baron by King George. But William first made something else of himself.

PADEREWSKI is on his way to these parts to demonstrate to those of artistic musical tastes that while there may be others who understand the piano, he is the master performer on that instrument. The distinguished player, it might be added to relieve those of contrary impression, is this season again accompanied by his usual growth of hair.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned boy that took his girl for a sleigh ride?

FLINT, Mich., pays its mayor \$100 per annum. Must be a hard city to get along in. It is said when a mayor seeks an increase in pay he is given the stony stare by the people.

FANNY Ward, the movie actress, fell in love with and married John Dean, her leading man. Now if Fanny still has the diamonds her former husband, the South African millionaire, slipped her during their courtship days, she and Dean ought to have a bright future before them.

MISS Pink Shanks is a resident of Salem, Va.

GERMANS are again reported to have bombarded Nancy, Ungallant, to say the least.

"IT strikes me as opportune to suggest placing ashes on the Twenty-fourth street viaduct incline," writes P. E. L. "Members of the late watch who have left their last nickel in Illinois ought to be afforded protection these slippery nights on the return journey to the arid regions of Iowa. There will be some heavy cargoes, and if we would avoid ambulance calls we should provide the w. k. ounce of prevention."

'Twas Ever Thus.

Man born of woman is of few days and full of bumps, measles, cold, whooping cough, beer, lumbago and politics; he cometh forth like a cabbage plant covered with dew rustling in the still morning breeze; he is at first a dandied pet that gings as sweetly as a canary bird at all hours without a change in the pathos or accent; a little later in life he calms his drooping spirits making mud pies and spinning a top; still a little later he thinks a girl one of the nicest things ever exhibited at an agricultural fair; he captures one, and then—he finds that it takes cash to buy meat and ice. Finally he is gathered in like a falling leaf, being followed to his last resting place by a corner band and a few mourning friends and a hearse at \$20 for the trip. Thus we are rolling, rolling, while the bells are tolling, tolling, for the incoming and departing.—Blakenburg (Iowa) Excelsior.

J. M. C.

## The Daily Story

The Beginning of a Love Story—By F. A. Mitchell.

Is that a white cloud far up against the blue sky? If so, what means that dotted line? The dots—indeed, the whole line—moves. It is ascending.

No, it is not a cloud; it is the summit of a mountain. Those dots are climbers tied together by a rope. They seem near the top, but that is because they are so far from me. It will be several hours before they reach it.

I came to Chamoni to make the ascent of Mount Blanc. But yesterday I was slightly indisposed, and, if I remember correctly, those in the house in which I am lodged sent for the doctor, who came and said I had a fever. My window looks out on the mountain, and I long to regain my strength that I may fulfill the purpose of my coming.

My landlady partly opens my door and peeps through the crack. What means that startled expression on her face? She withdraws hurriedly, and I hear her calling, "Come, quick!"

I am lying in the snow near the summit of the mountain. Beneath me is the valley, beyond which is a succession of mountain peaks. How still is everything! From year to year, from century to century, these mountains re-

volve with the motion of the earth, a succession of night and day, never interrupted. It is always winter up here; at least there is always snow. I wonder if summer will ever come. Let the earth once be joggled and the inclination of its axis changed—then it may be torrid on these slopes and reptile monsters take the place of the chamois.

A face comes between me and the scene spread out before me. The latter is cold, the former warm; the one merciless, the other full of sympathy. A woman's eyes are looking into mine anxiously.

Singular that I should be lying in the cold snow with this girl looking at me. I shiver, and the anxiety on her face deepens. She takes my hand, but little warmth is imparted. She lays hers on my brow, but I gain no comfort.

I am about to speak to her to ask what this all means when she fades away as figures disappear in moving pictures. Then persons move about me, each one doing something, but the whole to me is an endless confusion.

But presently the snow under me ceases to be cold, and now there is a slight warmth in my back. The face of the girl again appears before me, like an enlarged face on a screen, shutting out all else. Something of its previous anxiety is missing. Again it disappears, this time suddenly.

Then the sun shone down on me hot as molten lava. I was experienced in the heat of the sun at great heights, shining through a thin atmosphere, but I had never known anything like this. It seemed as if it were burning out my vitals. Meanwhile the scene about me was changing. I was cold, then hot.

As I grew better I felt a desire to know whether the girl who had appeared to me during what I now realize was delirium was a creature of fancy or flesh and blood. I described her to my landlady, and she said: "She must be the American girl in the next house. The tourists have all been interested in your case, and this young lady came in to see you. She has been of great service."

"Please tell her," I replied, "that I am convalescent and ask her to come to see me, that I may thank her for her attention."

When the girl came I recognized her at once as the object of my dream or whatever it was. She looked at me with a hopeful expression.

"You have been in to see me before," I said. "I am under an obligation to you."

"Not at all," she replied. "But I am surprised that you have been conscious of my presence. You were delirious."

"You took my hand."

"She blushed slightly. 'I supposed you were not aware of it.'"

It marked the beginning of a love story, but of the story I shall maintain silence.

## Sidelights on the European War

London—"The total destruction of life during two years of war will reach 20,000,000 persons," declared Professor Louis C. Parkes, of the government health service, at the annual meeting of the Royal Institute of Sanitarians, just concluded here.

The speaker expressed the hope, however, that this loss of life might somehow prove a blessing in disguise, resulting eventually in a distinct improvement in European civilization.

"In the past ages," said Professor Parkes, "evolution of the higher types in animal and vegetable life has generally resulted from cataclysmic changes, and great destruction by plague, pestilence and famine has led to an advance in civilization. So it is possible that this Armageddon may be of ultimate benefit to humanity."

Touching on the lowering birth rate in Great Britain, the speaker declared that every country in Europe has shown a decreasing birth rate during the past decade, with the exception of Bulgaria, Rumania and Ireland.

London—Unknown to the vast majority of Londoners, the National Portrait Gallery shut its doors several weeks ago to remain closed until after the war. The work of transporting the more important portraits of British monarchs and celebrities to a place of greater safety began some months ago, so the collection has lost much of its interest to sightseers.

The National Portrait Gallery lies just behind the National Gallery, which faces